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REASONING FROM PREMISES.

She: THERE'S THAT HORRID MR. GARGOYLE. HAVE YOU EVER SEEN HIS WIFE?

He: NO; BUT SHE'S A BLONDE.

"HOW DO YOU KNOW?"

"I WAS WITH GARGOYLE HALF AN HOUR YESTERDAY, AND HE SPOKE ADMIRINGLY OF EVERY BRUNETTE WHO PASSED."



~C. G. Gantner's Sons~
~Furs~
Jackets, Wraps, Coaks and Mantles.
Shoulder Capes, Pelerines, Cravattes.
Choice and exclusive designs—Moderate prices.
• 184 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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NEW YORK.

Our new establishment occupying the entire building,

No. 290 FIFTH AVENUE.

Ladies', Misses' and Children's Dresses, Mantles, Tailor-made Garments and Millinery for all occasions. Entirely exclusive and original designs and materials for taking orders.

Boys' and Children's Clothing and general outfitting.
Infants' Wardrobes.

FOR FIFTY YEARS!

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
for fifty years has been used by mothers for their Children while Teething. It soothes the Child, Softens the Gums, Allays all Pain, Cures Wind Colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. 25c. a Bottle.

Crosse & Blackwell's

FRESH FRUIT JAMS

Made from English Fresh Fruits

AND REFINED SUGAR

ARE SOLD BY ALL GROCERS

IN THE UNITED STATES.

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A superb article; the standard of purity and excellence.

The faultless union of two matchless tobaccos prevents that dryness of the throat usually produced by smoking other brands. Do not allow prejudice to prevent you from giving this incomparable cigarette a trial. It is simply perfection, and a luxury, and not a low-priced article.

Our Vanity Fair and other Smoking Mixtures are the finest for the pipe.

WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.
15 FIRST PRIZE MEDALS.

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II. Purchasers secure an entire freedom from false impressions to which they are liable where solid silver and plated ware are made in the same factory.

III. The question "Is it silver, or is it plated?" is never raised in regard to a well-known present or other gift bearing this trade-mark, as it is well known that all wares so marked are solid silver and solid silver only.

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HAVILAND & CO. French China in the country, and a Manufacturers' Agents for this famous make of goods. The line carried consists of

HOTEL WARE, both plain white and ornamented, in the round or double edge, which reduces breakage to a minimum.

DINNER SETS, for the requirements of the small family; also, large banquet services.

TABLE WARE in open stock patterns, from which any selection can be made, on the New Marseille, the most artistic shape made, which took the grand prize at Paris, '89. These sets are moderate in price, costing from \$65.00 to \$150.00.

TEA SETS, OF 52 PIECES,	\$15.00 to	\$50.00
ICE CREAM SETS, OF 13 PIECES,	4.50 to	25.00
BOUDOIR SETS, OF 13 PIECES,	12.00 to	25.00
FISH SETS, OF 15 PIECES,	7.50 to	75.00
GAME SETS, OF 15 PIECES,	7.50 to	75.00
OYSTER PLATES,	10.00 to	50.00
BREAD AND BUTTER PLATES,	2.50 to	15.00

Samples and prices on application.

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ABRAM FRENCH & CO.,

89, 91 & 93 FRANKLIN ST. 211, 213 & 215 DEVONSHIRE ST.
BOSTON, MASS.

VOLUME XVI.

•LIFE•

NUMBER 414.



Rector's Wife: YOU OUGHT TO AVOID EVEN THE APPEARANCE OF EVIL. DO YOU, YOURSELF, THINK THE GIRLS WHO DANCE ARE RIGHT?

Belle of the Parish: THEY MUST BE. I KNOW THE GIRLS WHO *don't* DANCE ARE ALWAYS LEFT.

A NEW WAY TO LOOK AT IT.

“ ‘T IS better to have loved and lost,”
The poet sings in plaintive rhyme.
Of course it is; for then you can
Make love again some other time.

WHILE YOU WAIT.

FAIR CUSTOMER (*in great store*): I do wish you'd hurry up my change; I've been waiting for it about an hour, and I feel as if I should faint in this pushing crowd.

FLOOR WALKER: We have some most elegantly embossed bottles of smelling salts at counter X, madam, ninth floor, front, among the soaps and perfumery. Only \$9.99.

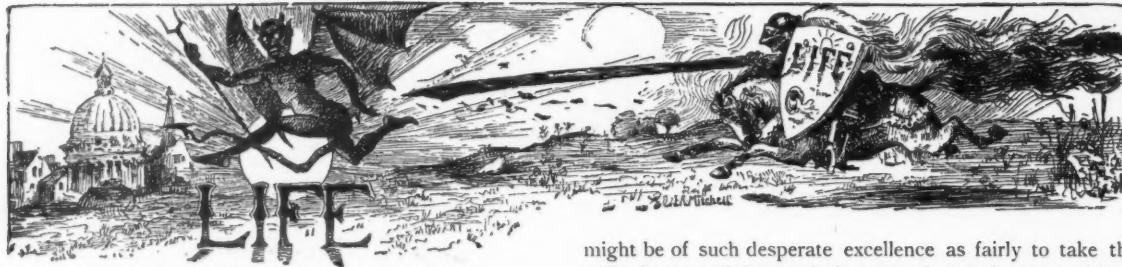
madam—rare bargains. Salts are a sure cure for faintness.
“ I am faint from standing so long—”

“ Ah! You should wear Blank & Co.'s standeasy shoe; nothing like them in market; you can stand all day in them without getting tired; only \$6.99. Shoe department is in Section 10, fifteenth floor.”

“ I am faint from standing here so long when I ought to be at home getting my dinner. I haven't had a bite to eat since morning.”

“ Ah! I see. Restaurant is in the basement.”

THE VERY BEST “ BINDER FOR LIFE ”—A wedding ring.



"While there's *Life* there's *Hope*."

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Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

Subscribers wishing address changed will greatly facilitate matters by sending old address as well as new.

SOMEONE asked *LIFE* the other day which of a group of married women of its acquaintance was the best wife. The more *LIFE* thought about it the more it didn't know.

* * *

THIS one had blotted out her own individuality and merged into her husband's; that one had overwhelmed her husband's individuality and merged him into herself. Another went her own gait very little affected (so it seemed), by the incidents of marriage at all. Another without squashing out her husband's individuality, absorbed his spare time and energy to such a degree that the interests of general society forbade one to commend her methods.

* * *

OF course, husbands had to be considered, for a wife is a composite article, and the husband is part of the raw material that goes to make it. There were women, who, it seemed, would have made almost perfect wives if the husband element in them had been of better quality; and again there were other women who made a good showing, and yet seemed to deserve only a qualified degree of credit, because the quality of the husband element was so high. Again there were women who took admirable care of their children, so that you couldn't help approving them, but that phase of their behavior one felt constrained to rule out, on the ground that it characterized them not as wives, but as mothers.

* * *

AND then, the question put itself, whether, if the query was changed to Who is the best *woman* we know? the lines of enquiry would be changed. *LIFE* concluded that they would, because a woman would be judged in her relations to society in general, whereas one's opinion of her as a wife rests mainly upon her effect on her husband. Thus she

might be of such desperate excellence as fairly to take the stiffening out of the man's knees, and make it seem to him a hopeless struggle to try to develop, in the glare of such a contrast, the traits or energies that might otherwise have been within his reach. Such a woman would not really be a good wife, however incontestably admirable she might be, taken merely as a woman.

* * *

CONVERSELY a woman might have glaring faults, which however, proved of such obvious use as a means of discipline and a spur to her husband, that you would feel bound to admit that they added to, rather than lessened, her merits as a wife. For the best wife, we must admit, is the one that makes the most of herself and her man. She is not to be considered apart, but as a part of a masculine, and her merits may be gauged by the net result of the whole combination.

* * *

LIFE does not aspire to a place as a recorder of society events, but *LIFE* is always appreciative of genuine humor, and therefore cheerfully gives space to the following announcement, with the appropriate credit:

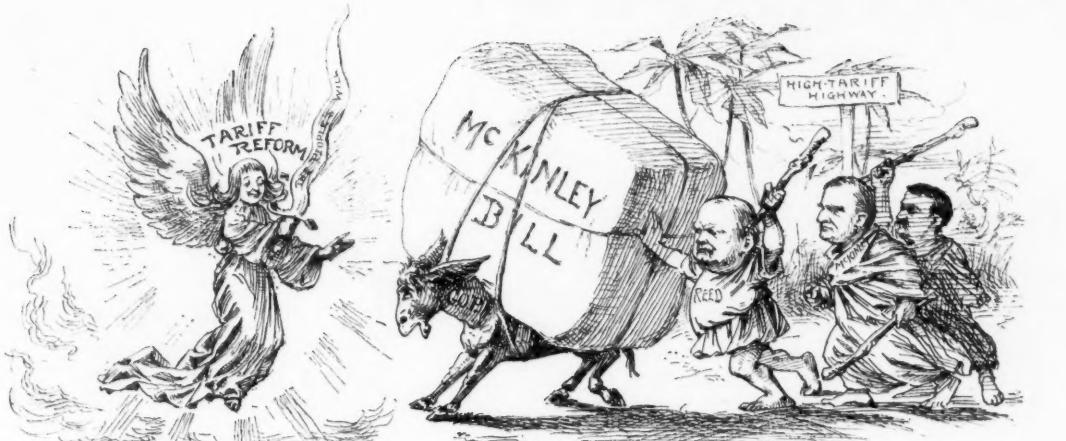
Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Vanderbilt expect to sail for Europe on the Majestic, November 26, to spend the winter in England and on the Continent. New York will thus place London and Paris under obligation for sending to them some of her most gifted, courtly and splendid specimens of humanity.—*The Mail and Express*.

* * *

WHEN this reaches the reader's eye, the foot-ball season will have reached its end, and *LIFE* hopes with no serious casualties to any of the plucky collegians who have upheld the honor of Yale, Harvard and Princeton. We old-timers who remember the foot-ball of other days are not altogether willing to concede the superiority of the game as it is played to-day. We are quite willing to admit that it requires more head-work, but this requirement adds an amount of danger altogether out of proportion to the advantage gained.

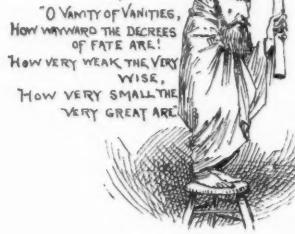
* * *

THE old game was quite as good in the way of exercise, and except to the experts was vastly more amusing as a spectacle. In a subdued and modest way, *LIFE* would suggest that it doesn't wish to see our college boys coddled. It does strongly object to seeing them offered up to make a holiday for people who would lose interest if it were not for the serious possibilities of the game.



THE REPUBLICAN BALLOONS HAD BETTER HEED THE WARNING.

NOVEMBER.



DURING the past month our High Tariff friends have had a beautiful time contemplating the comparative merits of hindsight and foresight. And during the few days of congressional power left to them they will have the delightful privilege of going ahead backwards.

AND Lo has started on one of his periodicals. There is only one good thing about Lo's periodicals. Every time he gets through there are fewer of him. Which, under our method of dealing with him, is a very good thing for Lo.

THE century of dishonor of which Lo has been the victim, seems likely to be duplicated in Africa, with Sambo as the object of the white man's cruelty and lust of gain. The history of the Indian has no episode worse than the story of Stanley's rear guard.



ALAS!

BOOKISHNESS

IN A BOY'S WORLD.

ONE somehow catches the impression from Mr. Howells's story of "A Boy's Town" (Harper's), that he missed a good deal of wholesome fun when he was a boy, and perhaps has been missing it ever since. You feel that as a boy he was blindly groping toward the environment of Boston and, having attained it as a man, he is not quite satisfied with it, but is groping now toward a socialist Paradise. The admirable thing about Mr. Howells's sensitiveness, however, either as boy or man, is that he is always ready to carry more than his half of responsibility for things not being exactly as they should be. And that is the very essence of the Charity which suffereth long and is kind. This little book of his, in which he has made very real the memories of childhood, is, therefore, a kindly book with a gentle spirit throughout its pages. But, it is not improbable that some of the irreverent Young Americans, to whom this story has been read by thoughtful mothers, have frankly expressed the opinion when out of her hearing that "My Boy" in the tale was something of a Chump.

Indeed, it is hard to imagine any sensitive boy having a thoroughly good time in the average American village, where even those most carefully reared cannot be sheltered, as in cities, from intimate association with "all kinds of boys." And when the "Chump" grows up, if he has any sort of stuff in him, he is very glad that it has been so.

* * *

WHAT Mr. Howells has expressed with most felicity in this story is the aloofness of a Boy's world from the world of man, woman or girl. It has its own unvarying code of morals, superstitions, standards of heroism, prejudices, and customs. These are handed down from one generation of boys to another, and persist, unchanged, in spite of the greatest material advance in a community. The boys know no lawgiver, priest or judge, except this unwritten constitution of their commonwealth. No parent ever penetrates this Boy's World except by memory of his own childhood. It explains the strange, unaccountable, half-savage behavior of the very best of boys. Any interference with the Boy's world by parental authority is looked upon with very much the same resentment that "grown folks" expend on those accidents of life which the law euphemistically designates as "acts of God." We are accustomed to look on boys as entirely lacking in consideration and gratitude, forgetful that they look upon us as, in most cases, violators of the laws of their universe.

Mr. Howells has opened a narrow trail into this strange country where all of us who are men, once lived and were tolerably happy. The underbrush has grown up on the paths which once we travelled; but the grown man can go back again for an hour or two with this guide-book in his hand, and for a little while see the old visions; he can know again



"MA! I WANT TO BE A TRUSTEE OF A CERTAIN ART MUSEUM!"

"NO, MY DEAR, YOU'RE NOT ENOUGH OF AN ASS YET."

what it is to be free as he breathes the atmosphere of a Boy's world, and hears the voices of his comrades calling him out to play. In the still night the old-time boys are crying "Harrow-o, Harrow-o," and the echoes answer from the frosty hills.

Droch.

NEW BOOKS.

LITTLE SUE'S ARRIVAL. Boston: Estes and Lauriat.
Zigzag Journeys in the Great Northwest. Boston: Estes and Lauriat.

The World's Desire. By H. Rider Haggard, and Andrew Lang. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Good Living. By Sarah Van Buren Brugière. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Gustavus Adolphus and the Struggle of Protestantism for Existence. By C. R. L. Fletcher, M. A. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A Sister's Love. By W. Heimburg. Translated by Margaret P. Waterman. New York: Worthington and Company.

Over the Tea Cups. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin and Company.

Echoes From Dream-Land. By Frederic Allison Tupper. Shelburne Falls, Mass.: Mrs. S. H. Sawyer.

News From Nowhere. By William Morris. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Poems of Emily Dickinson. Edited by Mabel Loomis Todd and T. W. Higginson. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Nanon. By George Sand. Translated by Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

London Letters and Some Others. By G. W. Smalley, Correspondent of the New York Tribune. Two Volumes. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Diana's Livery. By Eva Wilder McGlason. New York: Harper and Brothers.

WON THE DIME.

SMART BOY: Papa, if I ask you a arithmetic question what I can answer right and you can't, will you give me a dime?

PAPA: Indeed, I will. What is it?

"How many postage stamps can I buy for a dollar?"

"Fifty."

"Wrong. I can buy a hundred."



BAD FORM.

WEDDED BLISS.

MRS. MULVANEY: An' how do yer husband an' yerself get along together, Mrs. O'Brien? Good, I hope.

MRS. O'BRIEN: Oh, yis; very good, Mrs. Mulvaney. Here we've bin married goin' on six months, an' I ain't had to call in the police but twice.

SOLILOQUY of Mr. Pinckney Snow (colored) surveying his cotton patch.

"De cotton grows so slow, and de weeds grows so fast, and de sun am so hot, and de redbugs so plenty, dat I feels like as how I had a call f'um de Lawd to go to preachin'."

THE REFRAIN OF THE ARCTIC CIRCLE—"Freeze a jolly good fellow."



AN INDIAN SUMMER.



*The Lady: I want a little arsenic.
"Yes, miss; complexion or suicide?"*

THE PATHETIC STOP.

PASTOR (*tremulously*): Last week, my dear friends, I stood by the bed-side of a poor fellow—

DE BROKE (*aside*): Humpf, that's nothing; I do that every night, myself, before I turn in.

QUITE FRIENDLY.

DE GARRY: Is that girl across the street who plays the piano familiar with Gounod?

GILLS: She must think so, she takes such liberties with him.

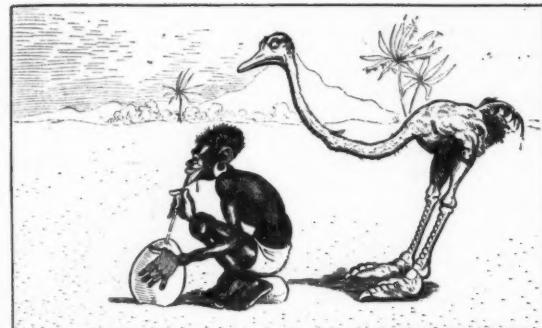
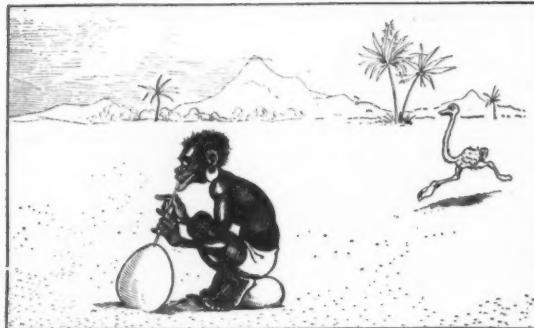
SEEKING HIS LEVEL.

"SAY, old man, you should call on Miss Hopkinson. She's a bright girl—a brilliant one."

"I know it—that's why I don't call."

A SIMPLE termination often changes the entire meaning of a derivative. Sheen, for instance, is a shimmering light; but a brief termination makes it an Israelite.

WHERE THE OSTRICH MADE A MISTAKE.



FINIS.

"It was very sudden!"

And Reginald Brink slowly removed his gloves. His face was white and thoughtful.

"Yes—very sudden. When did you first hear of it, Reg?" "I knew nothing of it until to-night. Tom told me. Here's Tom."

A tall young fellow entered the room quietly. Crossing to the fireplace he threw himself into a chair, and sighed as he gazed meditatively at the coals which gave so genial a warmth to the cool of the September evening.

"Well, boys—" said he, sadly, "it is in the perspective of our lives also."

"It's a thing a man cannot realize, however," and Reginald Brink lighted his cigarette, moodily.

"Not until we are suddenly brought face to face with it," added Tom, gloomily.

"Tis all an enigma," musingly remarked the third occupant of the apartment.

The clock seemed thinking as it ticked. The three would-be-jolly lotus eaters abandoned themselves to their reflections.

"We shall miss him!"

"This was his favorite chair!"

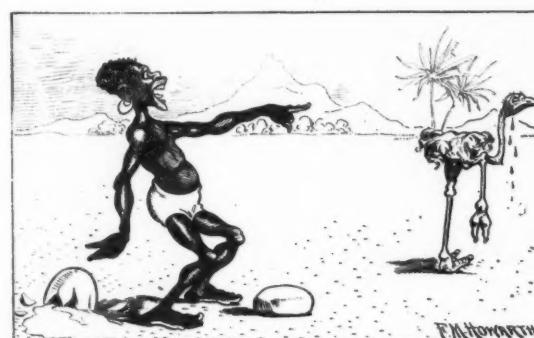
"Do you remember what a laugh he had? Jack was good company."

"Boys—we shall never know another like him." And there was the sound of tears in genial Tom Vane's voice.

"Anything of the kind always seems sadder at this time of the year than at any other."

"And he was so full of life—it is harder to realize of him than of any other man in our set."

"Well—we are all coming to it."
(A shudder.)



"Was he conscious?" asked Reginald, in a low tone.

"Yes; until the very last," replied Tom, slowly.

"Yet—we must all marry some day."

(Three sighs.)
CHORUS—"Poor fellow!"

Johanna Staats.

A MODERN INSTANCE.

IT has often been remarked that in this free and glorious land all the luxuries of life may be obtained in their proper season by the poorest persons.

We note in connection with this statement that the price of "Pure Ice" is now \$1.50 per ton.



OVERACTED.

She (in the background): I WONDER WHO THOSE PEOPLE AT THE OTHER TABLE ARE. I'M SURE IT'S A BRIDAL COUPLE.

He: WHY?

She: WELL, THEY LOOK AS IF THEY DIDN'T KNOW EACH OTHER.



MAIDEN MODESTY.

"COME, MUM; MAKE HASTE. YOU HAVEN'T A MOMENT TO SPARE."

"OH, I NEVER CAN DO IT, UNLESS YOU GET THAT CROWD TO TURN IT'S HEAD THE OTHER WAY."

AN ADVERTISEMENT.

MY Lady will not let me call her "Love,"
Although she is my love, I love her so;
I therefore warn all gentle souls thereof,
And bid them when they read my verses, know
That I write "Lady" where "Love" ought to be,
And "Love" is meant when I say simply "she."

George Pellew.

WITH THE ACCENT ON.

"WHAT shall I do with that boy of mine? He is awful, Mrs. Binabroad."

"Oui. I know," replied the good lady graciously. "But jamais mind. Garcons will be garcons."

A SOLICITOUS DAUGHTER.

OLD GENTLEMAN (at head of stairs): Sally, ain't it time to go to bed?

SALLY: Yes, father dear, don't put it off another minute; your health, you know, is not robust.

A FAITHFUL FRIEND.

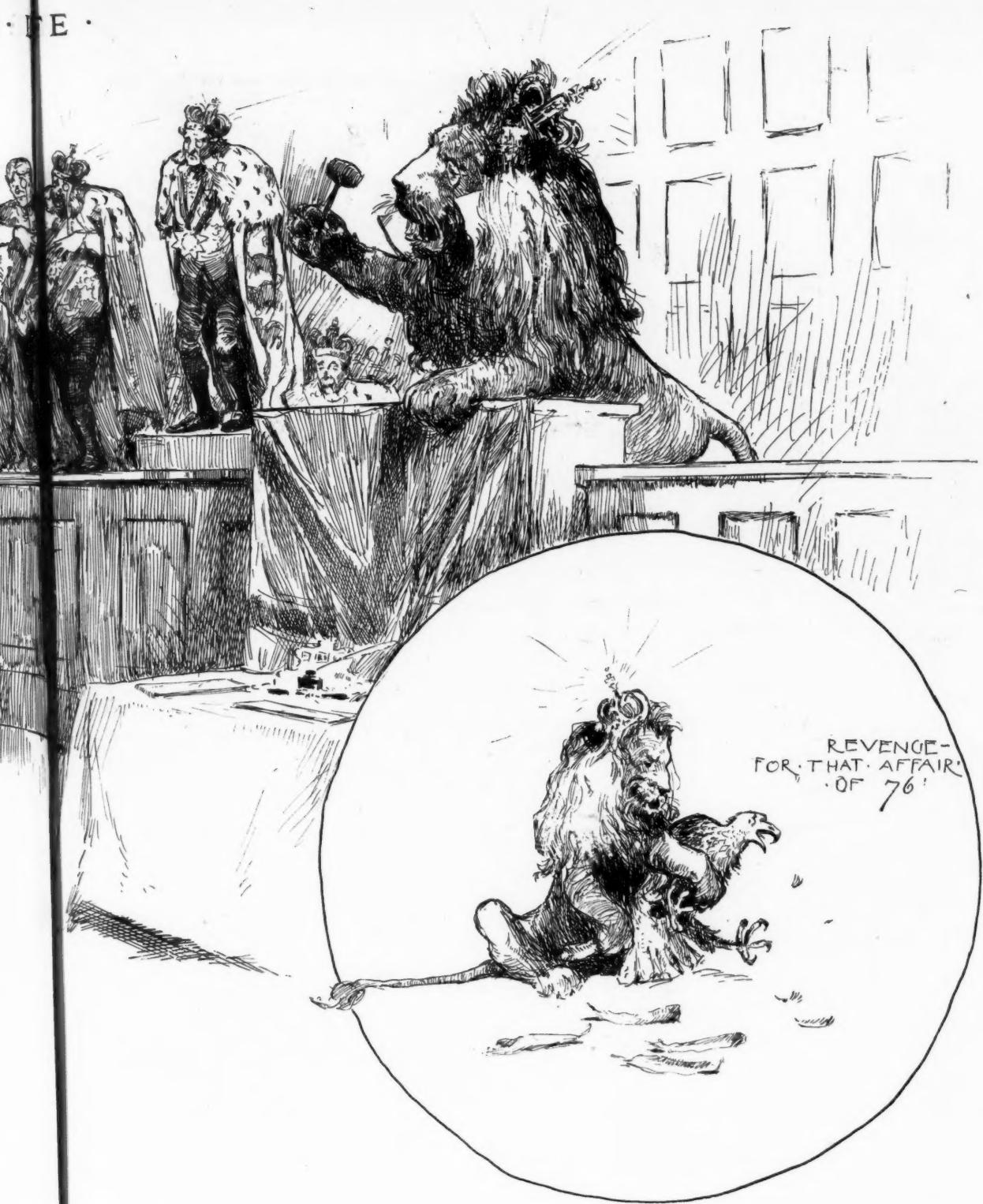
"WHAT sort of a fellow is he?"

"He's a friend who would be willing to share your last dollar with you."

A SHADY OCCUPATION—Making awnings.



THE SAME JOB



REVENGE-
FOR THAT AFFAIR
OF '76!

SAME JOB LOTS.

POPULAR SUBJECTS.



SON RISE.



SUMMER DAZE.



THE ROLL CALL.



AFTER THE BALL.



CORDIAL AND AFFABLE, BUT ARITHMETICAL.

Prof. Todhunter (who has just run across an old acquaintance at the reception): I AM SO GLAD TO HAVE STUMBLED UPON YOU IN THIS WAY, MY DEAR MRS. GOLDWIN. HOW LONG IT HAS BEEN SINCE WE MET! BUT, I MUST SAY, TIME HAS DEALT VERY LIGHTLY WITH *you*. WHO COULD IMAGINE THAT YOU HAVE A DAUGHTER AS OLD AS MISS PRUDENCE, THERE—AND LITTLE PRUE—WELL, JUST THINK OF *her* BEING IN SOCIETY!

Mrs. Goldwin: YES, DR. TODHUNTER; I CAN'T REALIZE THESE THINGS MYSELF. PRUDENCE IS TWENTY-TO-DAY.

Prof. Todhunter: WHY, MY DEAR MRS. GOLDWIN, YOU DON'T TELL ME SO! AND ONLY TEN SHORT YEARS AGO I REMEMBER HER SO WELL AS A ROMPING LITTLE CHIT OF SIXTEEN! WELL, WELL, HOW MARVELOUSLY THESE GIRLS DO GROW!

A NICE BOY.

H E'S really the nicest boy I know,
So I take him along wherever I go;
To circus, theater, base-ball game
And anything else that a boy could name.

His every wish is my command
And all that he wants is right at hand.
But—this confession I have to make—
I do it all for his sister's sake.

JOHN RUSKIN says that there are no
ruins in America. With a view to
amending this opinion, we respectfully invite
him to come over and take a look at the
Republican party.



GREEN OLD AGE.

QUESTIONINGS.

AFTER WORDSWORTH.

I MET a little cottage girl
 Eighteen years old, she said,
 Her brain was tired with the whirl
 Of questions in her head.
 She asked me: "What's an 'optimist'?"
 "Good luck made flesh!" I cried.
 "And what, then, is a pessimist?"
 "Bad luck personified!"
 With that she asked me to explain
 A Christian scientist.
 Said I: "He's one who cures a pain
 That doesn't quite exist."

"And what is an agnostic, pray?"
 "Sweetheart, 'I do not know.'"
 She turned her pretty head away—
 "To Vassar I must go!"
 "Please don't, until you've answered me
 One question, you've asked four"—
 "My little wife, dear, will you be?
 I ask for love, not lore!"
 Five years ago to-night, my eyes!
 I hear a sweet voice croon
 A lullaby, while Tommy cries,
 "But what iz in the moon?" *Leech.*

THWARTED.

HEAD OF FIRM: Oh, by the way, Mr. Travers, I shall have to ask you to stay in the office all day next Wednesday; I am going out of town.
 TRAVERS (*aside*): Hang the luck! That is the very day I had arranged to have my grandmother die.

IF the Sioux Indians are not careful they may find themselves in the Sioux.



THE NEW-BORN.

YOUNG ZEBEDEE WAS INSPECTING THE NEW-BORN BABY FOR THE FIRST TIME, AND HIS DICTUM WAS AS FOLLOWS: "I SPOSE IT'S NICE ENOUGH, WHAT THERE IS OF IT," HE SAID, WITHOUT ENTHUSIASM, "BUT I'M SORRY IT AIN'T A PARROT."



MORGENBLUM TELLS THE STORY AND IT RUNS THUS: "I VAS PEEPIN' TROO DE CURTAIN YUST PEFORE IT RINGED OOP AT DER LAST PERFORMANCE OF DER EAST SIDE TRAMATIC CLUB, VEN ALL TROO DER HOUSE DERE VENT UP A SHOUT OF 'MORGENBLUM! MORGENBLUM!' NOW HOW VAS DAT? I KNEWED I VOS POPULAR, BUT HOW DID DEY KNOW DAT IT VOS ME DAT VOS PEEPIN' TROO DE CURTAIN? DOT'S VOT I CAN'T MAKE OUT!"



WHAT THE AUDIENCE SAW.



THAT'S DIFFERENT.

THAT is a touching poem,
Now several cycles old,
About the hairs of silver
That mingled with the gold.

But yet for royal splendor,
For wild barbaric strength,
For richness and for fullness,
For height and depth and length,

It can't with Mrs. Gray's remark
An instant brief compare,
When on her husband's silver head
She found a golden hair.

—Boston Courier.

"I HAD a splendid time in my vacation this last summer. Meals just when I wanted them, cold and warm baths, capital wines, and no fees for waiters or porters." "And where is this ideal place doctor?" "I stayed at home." —Fliegende Blaetter.

Fair Skin . . . as Soft as Silk.

A Kansas Girl on Horseback writes: "I spend half my time in the open air in the saddle, on the prairie, and in spite of the sharp western winds, my skin is as soft as silk, and as fair as any one could wish—all due to Packer's Tar Soap, which I have used for years, and consider the finest thing for the complexion."

Packer's Tar Soap is pure, mild and curative. A luxury for Bath and Shampoo. It soothes while it cleanses.



A. JAECKEL, FURRIER, EXCLUSIVE STYLES IN FUR CAPES, JACKETS AND LONG GARMENTS.



No. 11 East 19th Street,
Received the Grand Gold Medal
at the Paris Exposition, 1889.

Headquarters for Russian Sables.
The above cut, recently used by mistake in another advertisement, is the property of Mr. A. Jaekel.

DO YOU CORRESPOND?

If you desire to be in good form in your correspondence, use only the fine writing papers manufactured by the Whiting Paper Company. You will find them to be the best for all the uses of polite society. Made in rough and smooth finish, and all the fashionable tints. Sold by all dealers in the United States.

New York Offices, 150 and 152 Duane St.

A SOUTH CAROLINA physician, asked why he located at Monelova, said, "It is a first-rate place for a doctor. If a man is sick all you have to do is to tell his friends (no matter whether the affair is serious or not) to go to a priest and have him confessed and prepare for death. If he dies, they will say 'What a good doctor he is. He knew he must die, and so had his spiritual interests attended to.' If he recovers they will say; 'What a capable physician he must be. The man was in the last extremity and prepared for death, and he cured him.' So in either event it is a first-rate place in which to achieve a medical reputation." —Medical Record.

IN the midst of a crowd slowly making their way into a theatre a corpulent gentleman who was closely following a pretty girl amused himself by certain tender squeezes and amatory whispers, which at length so annoyed the fair one that, turning her head as far as she could, she exclaimed with great sharpness of tone.

"I wish you would leave me alone, sir."

"Very well, my dear," said her plump admirer, "but pray don't eat me."

"You are in no danger," replied the nymph, "I am a Jewess." —Scraps.

LITTLE SUZON takes to the village priest a splendid pat of butter, ornamented with fantastic scrolls.

"With what does your mother make those pretty designs, my little girl?"

"Oh! Monsieur l'Cure, she does it with our comb!" —Memorial de la Loire.

OAKLEY'S Heliotrope Sachet

OAKLEY'S Handkerchief Extracts

Are of acknowledged
Superiority.

A Pretty Box of Two
Bottles 1 1/4 ounce size,
makes a Reasonable
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